

THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



"I HOPE YOU BE A COME HOME FOR GOOD, MASTER."

IDONEA.

CHAPTER XXV.

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

—*Charles Lamb.*

IT is now time to return to Neville Fairborn, leaving Lina to receive kind and good counsel from Percy, who was permitted to visit her from time to

time; and Idonea to help to strengthen her volatile mind, while aiding in restoring power to her body.

Neville passed more than six months abroad in a fruitless search for his sister, returning to England in the month of July. During his absence, Mr. Timmins had managed his affairs, and had, at his request, let Heronshill for the autumn. That worthy lawyer was in some anxiety concerning his client's money matters, and had begged him to come direct to Warkworth on his arrival in his native country.

No. 1500.—SEPTEMBER 25, 1880.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

He had therefore only remained a couple of nights in London in passing. This had enabled him to see Percy, and to pay Mrs. Keene for her rooms, which he considered his, although she had persisted in letting them to lighten his rent during his absence.

When he reached Northumberland, he was nearly penniless, and congratulated himself on having wealthy tenants at Heronshill, who would help to replenish his purse. The place was, in fact, let to Mr. Dooner, and we shall have to transport his family from south to north, while Neville completes his wanderings and pursues them to his native county. It is not without some qualms of regret, however, that he thinks of Heronshill tenanted by comparative strangers, when he first breathes his bracing Northumbrian air.

Arriving late at Warkworth, he took up his quarters at the principal hotel, where he had an interview with Mr. Timmins, the result of which was, that he hired a horse the following morning, and rode over to Heronshill. He seemed to breathe new life as he galloped across the moors, and felt an accession of animal spirits unusual to him. He fancied that he recognised the very birds as they flew overhead; and in the enjoyment of the moment he forgot Clarina and the London poor. His moods were, however, variable at best, and when he reached his home a sadness, more natural to him than gaiety, stole over him. Many thoughts crowded upon him as he rode up the avenue and drive, but they were dispelled by the sight of riding horses and grooms at his doorstep. Before he could himself dismount, two Miss Dooners, Sir Richard Dyke, and three or four other ladies and gentlemen appeared in riding-trim.

"So glad to see you, Mr. Neville Fairborn," said Miss Charlotte, laying a stress on the last word. "Pray walk in. You will find mamma in the library."

It was strange to be welcomed as a morning caller at his own house; but after a polite greeting with the two sisters, and a distant nod to Sir Richard, he was ushered by a London footman into what used to be his particular den. His own domestics were, apparently, displaced, and he missed the Northumbrian burr.

Mrs. Dooner received him with effusion, and uttered quite a volley of welcomes in pithy sentences. Her eldest daughter also came forward to greet him, and he was introduced to the remainder of the party, consisting of two ladies and a gentleman, the latter of whom he recognised as the reputed clerical admirer of Miss Dooner, to whom he afterwards understood she was engaged. When he was announced, the happy pair and the other ladies were discussing the possibility of introducing "vestments" and Gregorian chants into the small church of his scattered parish. He could but be struck with the bright aspect of his favourite apartment, and thought that, after all, women were ornamental, if they were neither useful nor amiable. Then his mind travelled off to Lina and Idonea, and he wondered in what corner of his "auld hoose" they were hidden. But he had not the courage to ask.

"Delightful old place. So much obliged to you," said Mrs. Dooner, when he was seated. "Took it at once. My youngest daughter's health."

"How is she?" asked Neville, eagerly.

"Much better, thanks. Gathering strength daily. Such embracing air. Mr. Dooner not come yet. Can't get away. Coming for the grouse shooting."

"Mr. Timmins told me he had arrived," put in Neville. "I called to see him on business."

"Not very flattering," laughed Miss Dooner, who was copying out the chants at Neville's special table, her innamorato at her elbow. "But Duke is here, or was, at breakfast. I dare say he knows all about it. Shall you be in the country long?"

"I think not. I shall return soon to London."

"Some attraction there?"

"Many. But my lawyer ordered me to give all my mind to business during my stay here, and tells me there is much to look after."

"Pray make the house your own, Mr. Neville—or, Mr. Fairborn—which is it?" said perplexed Mrs. Dooner.

"Either, or both," laughed Neville, somewhat uneasily.

All present smiled with him, and seemed desirous of being enlightened as to his aliases, but they were not gratified. Indeed, Neville felt annoyed at being ousted by tenants from his own house, and had not believed he could have felt as irritated as he did by finding them in his place. Experience is the best master. He thanked Mrs. Dooner for her hospitality, however, and partly promised to dine and sleep there during the course of the week.

Duke Dooner soon came in, and they went together on a survey of Heronshill, roaming about the property for an hour or so. Duke said that his father wished either to lease or purchase a place in the North, and Heronshill suited him exactly.

When in London, Neville had felt disposed to sell it, but now that the necessity of sale seemed imminent, he began to waver in spite of difficulties, and the eager welcome of such of the peasantry as they encountered, and their evident delight at seeing him again, made him pause for consideration. Philanthropist though he was, or wished to be, he yet wondered whether a landed proprietor might not have more duties at home than abroad. But would not Mr. Dooner fulfil them better than he should? Duke, though not country-bred, evidently knew more about them already than a dreamy bookworm such as he, for he suggested improvements everywhere. In his mistrust of himself, he imagined every one else more competent. Besides, money was power; and the Dooners were rich as Croesus. What could they not effect with their wealth amongst the poor around them? Duke already proposed model cottages, lodges, a restored church and parsonage, well-drained land, preserved fish and game, and many other amendments with which the journals now and again teemed—precisely as he, Neville Fairborn, had imagined model lodging-houses, new ragged churches and mission-rooms, sanitary measures, and abundant food for the starving crowds of the metropolis when he was in town. Why was it that people could see more clearly distant evils than those close at hand? Was it best, after all, to expend one's superfluous milk of human kindness on the necessitous in the narrow circles of one's native sphere, or on the ever-widening ones of more distant rounds? Neville had not yet experience enough to decide this difficult question.

Duke pressed him to return to luncheon, and after some hesitation he consented. The truth was, he wanted to see Idonea and Lina, and to watch Sir Richard Dyke with a view to discovering whether he were acquainted with Madame Ronda or not. But neither of this trio appeared, so he departed in dudgeon immediately after the meal.

Riding slowly down the drive, his old groom, Jerry, darted out upon him. He had not felt such a hand-grip since he left Northumberland.

"I hope you be a come home for good, master," said Jerry. "Why, we'd all a'most as soon zee Hurnsill shut up as filled wi' strangers."

So Neville did not canter back to Warkworth as blithely as he galloped to Heronshill.

Soon after he reached that ancient town, he found himself at Mrs. Umfreville's door. It was his duty, he thought, to call upon her, after his renewed intercourse with her son. Her house, at least, was much as he left it, and he heard merry voices through the half-open door. He knocked modestly, and while waiting to be answered, the words, "Never mind, Becky, I'll go," reached him. In another moment he was face to face with Idonea.

Sudden meetings produce sudden emotions. This one called up colour on both faces, and induced almost such another clasping of hands as Jerry's had been. Indeed, the said hands only loosened when the little hall filled, and the words which neither Neville nor Idonea had found came spontaneously enough.

"Neville Fairborn! How jolly!" sounded from the twins, one of the boys; and last, though not least, from Lina Dooner.

In another moment Mrs. Umfreville appeared, and Neville was more stately welcomed. They were all in walking dress, and when Mrs. Umfreville invited Neville into the parlour, he said he would not detain her, but would call again. She replied that they were only going to show Lina the castle, upon which the juniors asked him to go with them, and he readily consented.

While they walk towards the ruin, talking merrily, we must account for the presence of Idonea and Lina at Warkworth. Mrs. Umfreville was a decided as well as a proud woman. When all danger was over for Lina, and what she considered Idonea's duty was done, she wrote politely to Mrs. Dooner, and gave her three months' notice on the part of her daughter. She received an intimation in return that Mrs. Dooner did not wish to part with her, but intended to retain her as companion for Lina, at least until that young lady "came out." But Mrs. Umfreville was not to be turned from her purpose. Accordingly, when the Dooner family came into Northumberland, Idonea was met by her mother at Warkworth Station, and there bade good-bye to them. Her devotion to Lina had made them her friends, yet were the ladies, Lina excepted, rather glad than sorry to be rid of so dangerous a rival.

But Lina was not to be so deprived of one to whom she was now attached by a love and gratitude that seemed to fill her whole soul, and leave small space for other loves. She had not rested until she was permitted to spend a few days with Idonea, and to invite her, as a guest, to Heronshill. Even Mrs. Umfreville could find no objection to this recognition of equality, and thus it came about that Lina was actually staying with Idonea. She was still very fragile and delicate, and Mrs. Umfreville took her under her especial care, managing her as she would have done a child of her own, and gaining a ready obedience which surprised no one so much as Lina herself. She had grown during her illness, and looked more womanly than when Neville had last seen her, so he was surprised into looking with something like admiration at the fairy-like little figure

whom he found himself escorting and aiding—for she was still very feeble, and slight exertion brought on palpitation of the heart, a result dreaded and avoided by Mrs. Umfreville.

"Is not this much more delightful than all the Hyde Parks and Rotten Rows in the world?" she said to Neville, when they reached the castle.

"Come with us, Lina, and we will show you everything," cried the children, carrying her off unresisting.

"You must not fatigue her," said Mrs. Umfreville, hastening after them, and so leaving Neville and Idonea together.

Idonea followed, however, but the children were soon out of sight amongst the ruins, and Mrs. Umfreville, in her anxiety for Lina, was also lost sight of in their wake.

"They are sure to go up to the tower in the keep," said Idonea; "shall we go there first?"

They went accordingly—by embattled towers, ruined walls, and bases of pillars; past the remains of the Lion Tower, hall, battery, draw-well; through the subterranean crypts, which in Border wars served as refuges for cattle—to the great keep on the north. Here they ascended one of the projecting towers to the central tower, whence they both knew a magnificent prospect was to be seen. Mrs. Umfreville and the young people had not yet reached it, though their voices were audible from below, and Neville and Idonea were alone in a highly romantic situation. Just the place for a love-tale, but, as we know, Neville never intended either to fall in love or marry, and Idonea was quite resolved not to let her heart go till she was asked for it. Such resolutions are, perhaps, more easily made than kept, but they are none the less excellent.

"There is Dunstanbro' and dear old Bambro'," cried Idonea, pointing across the varied landscape, as they stood side by side in one of the partially-restored rooms of the tower, "and it is so clear that we can see the monastery on Coquet Island."

"And your friend Grace Darling's Island," said Neville. "I think you are something like her."

"Aye, for we are both frae the north," laughed Idonea.

"Look at the bonnie banks of the Coquet! We rowed Lina up to the monastery yesterday. You should have seen her delight; she is another Lina when here with us; you would not know her."

"And you are another Idonea," returned Neville, looking at the animated, blooming face of the genuine country girl.

"You are right; I am not at all the same person," she replied, laughing. "But I want to hear of your travels and adventures, and whether you saw dear old Percy in London, and whether you have come back for good to bonnie Northumberland?"

"You ask me so much at once," sighed Neville. "It would take me a month to answer you. I have only one question to put. Have you found Madame Ronda? I have just been reminded of her by seeing Sir Richard Dyke at Heronshill."

"I had a letter from her only yesterday, forwarded from Queen's Gate," replied Idonea. "She merely writes to inquire if there is any chance of lessons. Here is her letter."

Idonea gave Neville the letter, and when he opened it he was surprised that the address was Mrs. Keene's house. He pointed out the strange coincidence to Idonea. She had not remarked it.

"It must be providential!" she cried, enthusiastically.

"It is at least strange, for she could not have known my address," returned Neville. "She will probably run away again when I return to town."

"You cannot, surely, leave such scenes as these voluntarily," said Idonea, glancing round on wooded meads, winding river, scattered hamlets, and island-dotted sea.

"It does seem foolish; but I am alone, and London is—well, unmistakably full of people. Remember, you are many, I am but one."

Neville spoke half sadly, half jestingly, as he followed the direction of her luminous eyes.

They stood a moment silent, side by side, each thinking unexpressed thoughts, when their musings were unexpectedly broken by—Mr. Marmaduke Dooner.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lip the smile of truth.

—Longfellow.

It was quite as unpleasant to Duke to find Neville and Idonea *tête-à-tête*, as it was to them to be interrupted. Indeed the irascible Duke would gladly have tumbled his imaginary rival headlong from the keep, after the manner of the barons of the *olden tyme*, had so summary a proceeding been possible. But he had scarcely greeted Idonea before Mrs. Umfreville and the rest came breathless into the half-ruined chamber, and Lina sank down exhausted by the fatigue of the ascent. She soon recovered, however, and the diversion was beneficial to Idonea. Duke had to be formally introduced to Mrs. Umfreville and the twins, and was as much impressed by the manners of the one as by the appearance of the others. He was generally overbearing, but he grew as meek as a lamb. Shrewd Lina saw it, and was amused. Mrs. Umfreville had heard of his compliments to Idonea, and was, if possible, more haughty than usual.

"You find your sister in a strange place," she said. "I hope she is stronger in spite of her fatigue. We quite lost sight of you, Mr. Fairborn."

"We were following you and you disappeared," replied Neville, to Idonea's relief.

"Follow, follow o'er mountain," quoted Lina, looking archly from Neville to her brother. "How delicious it is!"

"This castle belonged to father's family once, and to your family once, Neville Fairborn," said Bertram, with a boy's bravado.

When they descended from the keep and began to wander about amongst the ruins, Duke managed to monopolise Idonea by begging her to show him that portion of the castle already visited by his sister. Seeing this, Neville devoted himself to Mrs. Umfreville and Lina. But he found himself observing Idonea, and was not quite satisfied with the position of affairs, until he perceived that she whispered to her brother, and that he accompanied them. This arrangement was more pleasing to Neville than to Duke.

Lina was soon fatigued, and Mrs. Umfreville proposed returning to the house. As she was mollified towards Neville, by his continued friendship for Percy, she invited him to tea.

"I am sorry I cannot offer you dinner," she said,

with a sort of proud simplicity; "but perhaps you will accommodate yourself, as Miss Lina does, to our unfashionable hours and very primitive meals."

"They are all delightful," cried enthusiastic Lina, who was toiling up the steep, supported by the twins.

Neville not only accepted the invitation, but offered his arm to Lina, whom he might easily have carried, for any weight she was; while Mrs. Umfreville, with one of the twins on either side, led the way.

"Is she not grand and handsome?" Like Idonea, only more magnificent," said Lina. "I don't wonder she is proud of being a Percy, though she is as poor as Punch. You can't think how good Idonea was to me after that night of the concert. I think she was sent to me as a guardian angel. I should not be alive but for her. Everybody says so, even mamma. And Mrs. Umfreville will not let her return to us, and I cannot do without her. Will you use your influence? Perhaps she will listen to you."

"I have none; and I think young ladies best at home," replied Neville, in a sententious sort of way, which made Lina laugh, and say he was a regular old bachelor. "You are right," he continued, yet not liking the opprobrious epithet, "I know I am an old-fashioned fellow, and wonder I ever venture into ladies' society at all. You are kind even to tolerate me."

Lina looked at him with wide-opened eyes, and laughed more merrily than ever. "Why, even if you were not tolerably good-looking, you have such a nice place, and good family and money therewith, that you are sure to be welcome anywhere."

"You are wonderfully knowing for your years, Miss Lina."

"Why, you see, I have studied books and newspapers till I know something of everything. But I am going to begin a new life, and be as knowing in good as I have been in evil."

Lina was so fragile that every word moved her. Tears came into her eyes, and Neville felt very uncomfortable. Belle turned round at that moment, and seeing the tears, whispered to her mother, "Are Neville Fairborn and Lina engaged, mamma? Lina has been crying, and Miss Timmins says women always cry and make fools of themselves when they are in love."

"Lina is too young to think of such things and you to speak of them," replied Mrs. Umfreville, who yet wondered whether the pretty, piquant Lina might not have attracted the quiet, scholarly Neville.

However, she was bright enough when they reached the house, and declared herself quite as hungry as the twins. It was not long before the others returned from the castle, and Idonea went to the little dining-room to prepare the tea, followed by Bertram and the twins, who kept pretty close to her since her return home.

"I say, Belle, I say, Margery, we shall have a wedding," shouted Bertram, jumping about excitedly. "That young Dooner's in love with Idoe. I'm sure I heard him say so. Now don't tell fibs, Idoe. But what a queer moustache he's got. He isn't as handsome as Neville Fairborn."

"And I think Neville Fairborn's in love with Lina, because she was crying when he helped her up the hill. And Miss Timmins says—but mamma thinks me too young to speak of such things," said Belle, with a toss of her head.

Idonea's cheeks were troublesomely hot as she

listened, and she longed to give Bertram a good shaking.

"You little geese," she began, spilling a spoonful of tea.

"That's a sign," said Margery, pointing gravely to the tray.

"We're all famished," cried Lina, entering suddenly.

Shortly afterwards the whole party were seated round the frugal but pleasant tea-table. The feast consisted of two home-made loaves of brown and white bread, fresh butter, genuine jam, and the unfailing water-cresses. Idonea presided at the tea-table, and Neville suddenly discovered a new talent, or rather, perhaps, resumed an old boyish habit, he began to cut slices of bread with a big knife on a wooden platter inscribed with the words "Waste not, want not." Duke devoted himself to Idonea, monopolised her, indeed, while Neville, wishing to atone for those incomprehensible tears, was unusually attentive to Lina.

"I said so," whispered Bertram, looking at Belle.

"So did I—only I mustn't, you know," returned Belle.

Mrs. Umfreville looked on and wondered.

"Don't they expect you home to dinner, Duke?" asked Lina. "Why, it is eight o'clock already."

"If so, they must do without me," responded Duke.

Beauty in a ball-room is doubtless attractive, but beauty at a tea-table, surrounded by a healthy, happy family party, is more so. Both Neville and Duke secretly endorsed this sentiment. The latter in particular fancied he had never seen Idonea before, certainly never known her. The former, it will be remembered, had met her in her natural condition at her brother's. Neither recognised the Idonea of Queen's Gate. Here she was bright, agreeable, at ease; there she was restrained by her surroundings. Home is the place to see and know an individual, and her home, though poor, was peaceful and lady-like. Neither mother nor children would have stooped to a mean deed or untruthful word. Duke coloured at the recollection of the freedom with which he had treated Idonea in his own house, and compared it with the restraint he felt placed upon him by the natural purity of his new atmosphere. Country breezes refine as well as exhilarate.

Still there were cross purposes even at this tea-table; there always are where young people are concerned. None could fathom the mind of another, and each had distinctive desires apart from the others, no two, unfortunately, exactly similar. And in this world, alas! it is difficult to speak out. Madame de Genlis's "Palace of Truth" has faded away with her and her fame. Nevertheless, Mrs. Umfreville's home was, in some degree, a Palace of Truth. Before Idonea slept that night she had confided to her mother what had passed between her and Duke during their walk in the castle ruins.

"I scarcely know what he meant," she said, "but he was wonderfully polite. I kept Bertram close to me, so that he could not be too confidential, but he did not seem to wish it. He treated me as an equal."

"I should think so," interrupted Mrs. Umfreville, indignantly. "An Umfreville, a Percy, and—and—a tradesman!"

"Oh, no; the rich 'City men' of London are not

tradesmen, mother, and they intermarry with the nobility," said Idonea.

"I see; you are already one of them. But what of Mr. Duke?"

"He apologised for having ever offended me, and said his feelings had strengthened by absence, or something of the kind."

"Words, of course. What did you say?"

"Nothing. I wanted to get rid of him, and hurried over the castle as fast as I could. Of course I know he means nothing, though his manner seemed to mean much."

"Yes, I thought so at tea. But you behaved well. Do you like him? He is superior to what I expected."

"I liked him when I knew him first; then I disliked him; now I like him better again."

"He asked my permission to come again, and I could not say 'No,'" said Mrs. Umfreville, thoughtfully.

"But if his intentions are honourable we must not encourage him, unless you mean to favour them." You have had time enough to know something of him, and of course he would be considered a good match for a penniless girl. Reflect well. Straightened as we are, I dare not advise you according to my natural instincts."

The proud but tender mother kissed her daughter, and bade her good night. And Idonea went to rest wondering what those instincts were. She believed she knew her own, but was convinced she dared not follow them. Her mind was not at rest; no mind is into which the passions begin their stealthy inroads. She was perplexed by her own heart, and was angry with herself for feeling angry with others. Not one of the friends with whom she had spent the best part of the evening had pleased her, and the first jealous thought she had ever engendered crept into her soul. Neville Fairborn was, she was convinced, suddenly taken with Lina; and it was revealed to her by some malicious sprite that a kindly word or meaning glance from him were more to her than all the tender speeches that Duke Dooner could make. She wished neither of them had come to interrupt the peace and happiness of her reunion with her dearest ones, and resolved henceforth to avoid both, and to give them to understand that her mother was not in a position to receive company.

By way of turning the current of her thoughts, she looked from her open window on the moonlit sky and dark ruin beneath it. She had been accustomed to meditate in girlish fashion on the knights and ladies gay who had passed through those towers and wandered amongst the halls; now they were peopled by living forms, and she saw only the figures of the twain with whom she had half-accidentally explored them that very day—Neville and Duke. It was on the keep her eyes rested, and every unkind feeling vanished as she recalled Neville's last words spoken there: "You are many, I am but one." And with them came his previous declaration that he should soon leave the North again, and then appeared a vision of Madame Ronda and her children.

"And I am mooning here, while they, and tens of thousands besides them, are perhaps starving," she exclaimed. "Let me work, like Percy, while it is called to-day."

And Idonea was herself again.



BIBLE LESSONS FOR EVERY-DAY LIFE.

BY THE REV. HARRY JONES, M.A., RECTOR OF ST. GEORGE'S-IN-THE-EAST.

ENDS AND AIMS OF LIFE.

"None of us liveth to himself, and none dieth to himself."—*Romans xiv. 7.*

I SUPPOSE that each of us who has fairly entered upon responsible life, and has reached what are called the years of discretion, has formed some idea of a state of things which would be generally most desirable. I do not refer merely to the particular wants and wishes of individuals, but there are few, I fancy, who have not, at least occasionally, pictured to themselves a condition of affairs which they think would be best for mankind. They probably see much that they feel to be wrong and something which they acknowledge to be right. They look out into the world, or, at any rate, their world, and though they may not be able to see very far, they perceive that it might be much better than it is. They think to themselves, "If people would only be more honest, considerate, industrious, temperate, how much more prosperous the lot of mankind would be." Perhaps the vision has even crossed their own minds of a world in which all were what we think they should be. Most of us have constructed our Utopias, and dreamt of an age of righteousness, to awake from our dream with a sigh. Or, may be, we have come across an example of kindness, truth, endurance, devotion, or excellence of some sort, and said, "If all acted thus, what a different world it would be." We have thus, somehow, I am sure, all of us formed some estimate of a state of things in which there would be little or nothing to complain of. As it is there is much. We are continually disappointed; we have to be so incessantly on our guard; we learn to be so suspicious; we get so harassed; we see so much carelessness, vice, waste, oppression, ill-humour; we see so many faults, follies, and mistakes, that an age of righteousness becomes hopelessly unlikely or remote. We think what the world might be, and then, seeing what it is, turn from the brighter vision in despair.

It must, however, be remembered that every one contributes *something*, good or bad, to the condition of the world. The whole is made up of parts, and each one of us is a part of the great human fabric. Just in so far as each does what is right, so far is the world right; just in so far as each of us does what is wrong, so far is the world wrong. In short, it depends to some certain extent upon *each*, whether the state of things we all think most desirable is nearer or further off. No one is really unimportant. No one has any right to say that it is of no consequence what he or she does. If every one were to say this the condition of mankind would be hopelessly deplorable. It is better, just according to the proportion of people who are good. It is true that, here and there, we see enormous influence for righteousness gained and exercised by a single individual. A nation, a whole nation, is raised and blessed by its heroes and saints.

They give it a character by their own virtue, and largely help their fellows to be better than they would have been without their example and influence. The great men of a people bring, moreover, a blessing on that people, directly and indirectly. Now although a man may not be so gifted as to become conspicuous for the wholesome effect he has upon mankind, or upon a particular nation, every one can contribute something, and so far bring about that general good state which all desire. The individuals who compose a people have that people's condition in their own power. And each individual is expected to contribute his part. The end and aim of the life of each is to do his part in raising the whole, not to see what he can scrape to his own share in the general scramble of selfishness. The well-being of all is the duty of each. Perhaps some of us may think this is too grand an object. What is he or she to affect the condition of humanity? The work is too large. Well then, we will break it up, and see how it may be promoted by each. We will take several phases or parts of the business, and inquire in what way we can best make our contributions to the general result, the excellent whole.

To begin with, each may try to be useful. The first and simplest way to accomplish this is to fit ourselves for some duty in life, some trade, profession, calling, of one kind or another; to realise that there is something to be done by us. I do not believe that any one is ever intended to be passively ornamental. He may contribute to the grace and beauty of the world, and so do a kind of work. Your sheer unproductive idler is one of the drags on a people. The ideal of man, of the Son of Man, is that he comes not to be ministered unto but to minister. No one was ever created merely to be waited upon. Of course in the beginning of life, in infancy, every one is for a time utterly dependent. And there may come a period in the end of life when he can contribute no more to the general stock of usefulness. But, speaking generally, every one is called to minister, somehow, in the chief part of his or her existence. The first step, then, towards raising humanity is for each individual to set himself or herself something to do. The idlers, pleasure-seekers, time-killers, are the noxious insects who bring blight into the kingdom of God.

The next thing towards bringing about a generally better state of things is to do the work under our hands as well as we can. It is a great end and aim of life, to do what we have to do heartily, soundly, steadily. It is really an important social human advantage to have a calling. It is a good thing to start with, to fall back upon, to hold on by. But how is it when a man who has his task to do, his

bread to earn, his family to bring up, shirks his duty, scamps his work, and spends his money chiefly on himself? How he lowers, not only himself, but the society in which he lives! Don't let him tell me that he is of such small importance as hardly to be counted in the effort needed to benefit humanity. Every uncared-for child running the streets, every case in the police-court, every sot, every foul and dirty room, is a drag upon the welfare of a nation. It is well to have work to do, but every intemperate, idle, improvident workman, every negligent, self-indulgent tradesman, not only throws away his own chances, as we say, but declines from his high calling as a contributor to the well-being of the nation or society to which he belongs. He falls out of his rank in the march of the army of God. He brings disorder into the field of the Great Worker. He so far delays the consummation of the kingdom of heaven. Each man's business, and the way he does it, may seem to some his own affair. It is not so really. No man liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself. We cannot really separate ourselves from our fellows. They, society, the people at large, are inevitably affected for good or evil by the way in which private or personal affairs are conducted. There is really, in one sense, no merely personal or individual condition. We are every one members one of another, and as the members are healthy so is the body. The injury of a finger to some extent affects the whole person, and it is just the same with even the little fingers of the community. As they have their office, and discharge it aright, so far the whole community thrives. The pain, paralysis, uselessness of the least member so far harms the social fabric.

As then we care for general good, in which we indeed are each concerned, as we realise how the end and aim of each life is to contribute its share to the whole stock, we shall realise the fact that we have, each of us, something to do; and do it heartily, soundly, to the best of our power.

But this is not all. It is a good thing to be useful. There is, however, the usefulness of a tool and of a hand, of a hand and of a head. The usefulness of the man must be of the best sort, of the highest order. He is not a mere dead cog in a wheel which is useful in turning the machine, but he is a living agent. He is related to the source of life; and he is not merely "related to the source of life." The grain that grows in the field, the root or the fruit that swells in the ground or ripens on the tree, is that. Man is gifted with conscious intelligence. He is related to God in a special way. God is his Father. He can be useful; he can thus fulfil the end and aim of his life only by doing what he has to do righteously. This means more accurately, punctually, and thoroughly. It means more in respect to man. Man is not only called to do something, and to do it well, but to do it righteously. In order to effect this as a man he must call in the aid of a higher power. He works with spiritual perceptive intelligence. He is not like a tool which will cut as long as it is kept sharp; not like a tree that grows so long as it has enough soil, sunshine, and rain. He belongs specially to God, and does not fulfil the end and aim of his life, does not advance the well-being of humanity, which is God's household, without use of the Spirit of God.

I said a few minutes ago that the ideal of man, of the Son of Man, was that he came not to be minis-

tered unto but to minister. But this, though profoundly true, and more full of meaning than we sometimes think, does not express the full truth about man's place and duty. It is a divine truth, but it has to be supplemented by another. "Lo! I come to do Thy will, O God," completes our ideal of the Son of Man, and therefore of man.

The end and aim of human life is not merely to be useful, not merely to help forward the great cause of humanity, not merely to do whatever we have to do well, but to do the will of God, to serve Him in our words and works. This is the motive, and the motive makes and marks the character of the deed. Human deeds, to be useful as they ought to be, to be really right, must be divine, godly, good, whichever word you like to use. They must spring not merely from a desire to be beneficial, but from a desire to be right in the highest sense of the word, from a desire that God may be served, that His kingdom of righteousness, truth, and love may be forwarded. Then man fulfils his purpose, fills his place, realises the true ends and aims of life.

And this motive, be it observed, this way of doing what we have to do, embraces and involves all the objects for which a man is called to live and act.

He who seeks to serve God, who makes it his main purpose to be right and act righteously in all his work, is most sure to lead not only an active but a useful life. He is the one who best helps forward the great cause of humanity. The way to serve the world of men well is to make the service of God our chief aim. That high aim and motive brings behind it all the best benefits which a man can bestow upon his fellows, best helps to forward such a state of things as we think would be most desirable. It surely lifts mankind when it sets a man something to do, and causes him to do it well, whether it be the small duty of our daily round or the larger deed which may be occasionally needed. It helps a man in common and at special times. Nothing is too small, nothing is too great for it. Be the duty light or heavy, dull or interesting, unnoticed or conspicuous, if we are moved by the desire to do God's will, to do right, that duty will be best performed. In looking then at the ends and aims of life we come to this, which includes them all—the service of God. "My meat," said Christ, "is to do the will of Him that sent me."

And in our way, our place, and measure, we, too, are all sent, sent to be the servants of God. Every Christian is a member of Christ, and is employed, intended to be employed, by Him, by His Spirit, with Himself, in forwarding His and our Father's kingdom.

We Christians cannot separate ourselves from our Lord in seeing and choosing the ends and aims of life. Let it be our aim to serve God in all we do, not merely to be useful and helpful, but to be this on the highest grounds. Determine to use the privileges of Christians, of communion with God. Take the knowledge and performance of His will as the real motive of our lives; for thus, and thus only, can we realise the true ends and aims of life. Then life rises out of the dull plains of selfishness, rises to its true meaning and purpose.

Having its source in God, it ever leads us nearer to Him, ever makes us feel that He is our strength; and at last, when our little tale of years is past, lands and leaves us with Him to know the fuller meanings of Eternal Life.



A MARKET DAY IN AN IRISH COUNTY TOWN.

A MARKET day in an Irish county town will not easily be forgotten by one who sees it for the first time, and to whom such a sight has the charm of novelty.

In the west of Ireland the customs and ways of the people are very much what they were twenty years back, but in the midland counties it is different, and it is these that come first under our notice.

It must be owned that our Irish friends are not

sanitary around had come to Longton on this particular day. A motley caravan truly—from the well-to-do farmer and his comfortable car and sleek horse, to the donkey-cart driven by the old woman with kerchief on her head and clay pipe in her mouth. Then there are droves of cattle, flocks of sheep, litters of pigs, and carts full of fowls, whose cackling deafens the passer-by; add to this the lowing of cattle, the squealing of pigs, and sharp



GOING TO THE MARKET.

fond of early rising, and in winter especially the morning is well advanced before the market is fairly begun. There is so much to be done and said, so many greetings to be exchanged, so many questions to ask about the farms, the stocks, and so on. Nobody is ever in a hurry; life is "taken aisy." "Shure it can wait," is a very favourite Hibernicism.

On the particular morning of which we speak there is a larger traffic than usual in the county town of Longton, for it is a saint's day as well as a market day; and although the farmers may not work on their farms or do any manual labour on such feast days, yet they may go to the market and buy and sell and "get gain" and a "drop of the cratur" into the bargain.

To judge from the line of cars and carts drawn up before the chapel door, it would seem as if all the pea-

voices of the buyers and sellers, and you have a regular babel of sounds. Here and there may be seen a farmer dressed in the good old-fashioned national costume of half a century back, consisting of knitted hose, knee-breeches, and frieze coat of home manufacture; for, formerly, industrious wives spun the wool for their husbands' stockings and coats as well as for their own dresses. Now this good old-fashioned custom is nearly abolished: a home-spun dress is quite a rarity, and a spinning-wheel is hardly ever seen in a farmhouse of the present day. The women's substantial dress of other days is replaced by gay trumpery, bonnets laden with artificial flowers and feathers, bead necklaces, and showy dresses of flimsy materials. If you take them by surprise on a week-day, however, you will find them in very different gear: and the same women who

"rig" themselves out in such style on special occasions may be seen going about their daily work in tattered dresses, with bare legs and unkempt locks, looking as sloppy and untidy as can well be conceived.

The same shiftlessness applies to the way of living. The potatoes and stir-about, and home-cured bacon, of former days, is replaced by sour baker's bread, bad tea, and coarse American bacon. The farmers of the present day hardly ever eat their own bacon, they prefer getting a good price for it in the market, and buying what they can get in the country shops for their own use.

they be worn and soiled. The most extraordinary articles of attire may sometimes be seen at these stalls, occasionally old swallow-tail dress coats of half a century back, and often cast-off ball dresses. How the vendor obtains such articles is a marvel.

"Ah, thin, here's the coat that'll timplt any pretty lass," exclaims the clothes-vendor, holding up a flimsy green dress, trimmed with yellow braid, for inspection. "Now that's an article ye could wear on any holy day, and not be ashamed of it; it's hardly bin worn at all at all."

"What'll ye give it me for?" calls out a bloom-



A JEWEL OF A COAT!

It is near midday, and business has hardly commenced. As it is a "gala" day, there are many fancy stalls with sweets and trumpery, in addition to the usual set-out of crockery, baskets, ironmongery, and apples.

On the day of which we speak Longton presents the appearance of a fair. One side of the street is lined with stalls, where objects tempting to the lassies and lads of Longton, are displayed for sale: bright-coloured silk kerchiefs, neckties, and shawls, glittering glass, jewellery, brooches, breastpins, earrings, and last, but not least, apples, cakes, nuts, and "bull's eyes" in rich abundance. In the middle of the street a man is standing before a stall containing a miscellaneous collection of goods for sale, from the bunches of purple heather, pots and pans, mattresses and bedding, to gaudy second-hand dresses and jackets, which attract the eye of a certain shiftless class, too poor to buy gay things at the shops, and therefore glad to get them second-hand, even though

ing girl, whose eyes are eagerly fixed on the tempting article.

"Well, now, I won't be too hard on yourself, mavourneen. I'd give it for eight shillings. There's a bargain for ye clane and nate!" was the reply, as having noted the eager expression of the girl's face he priced his article accordingly.

"Eight shillings, indeed! Ye'll not find me givin' ye that; I'll give ye the half, but not a penny more!"

"Whist then, with your nonsense! As if I'd give the like o' that for four shillings! I couldn't do it! I'll take sixpence off as ye are set on it," and with these words he turns to a customer who is clamouring for a hearing. "I was askin', have ye anything that would do for meself?" puts in the croaky voice of an old woman standing near, whose scant grey locks are partially hidden by a black kerchief. "Somethin' a bit smart, fit for a funeral or a weddin', or maybe that I'd wear on a holiday when I'd want to look dacent?"

"Look ye, then, I've the very thing that'll do ye," is the ready reply, as the obliging vendor hauls up a gorgeous plaid dress of red and green, which, to judge by its bulk, has formerly belonged to some very portly old lady. "Now, look at that, and see all the stuff that's in it; it's lovely," exclaims the ecstatic auctioneer, as he displays the voluminous dress to the admiring gaze of the bidder. "It's well enough," returns the woman, who is determined not to manifest too great a wish for the desired article, for fear of increasing its value. "It's well enough, man dear, but it's got a stain here and there; and if it hasn't a rent under the arm! Ah! get out wid ye, Paddy Kiernan; give it to me chape, for there's not one else would be bothered with it, the dirty old thing! I know ye'll be reasonable, like the good-natured crathur ye are!" said the old woman, coaxingly.

"Ah! ye won't catch me wid yer chaff," was the tart repartee; "and ye'll not finger it under ten shillings, sweet as ye are, Peggy Fagan! I won't rob meself to oblige you. Now here's an iligant lot for any boy that's goin' a courtin'," he continued, displaying a doubtful-looking suit of clothes that had evidently belonged formerly to some gentleman, to judge by their cut and make. "Musha! thin, Tom, me lad," addressing a burly-looking young fellow near, whose eyes were fixed longingly on the clothes. "Why, there's not a girl in the country could refuse the fellow that axed her in that suit."

He is here interrupted suddenly by the voice of the young girl who bid first for the green dress, and who, after ruminating over the matter for a few minutes, has decided to stretch a point in order to secure the coveted article.

"I'll give five-and-sixpence for the green 'coat,'" she exclaims, breathlessly. "Come now, Paddy Kiernan, ye know it's the value of it."

"Say six, and there'll not be a word more about it," says Paddy. So at last the weighty matter is decided, and the green "coat" carried off in triumph.

In Flanagan's shop (the principal linendraper in Longton) much the same thing is going on. The country boys and girls are buying hats and bonnets, and bargaining fiercely, not heeding the notice of "fixed prices" that is put up in the shop windows.

"I tell you it was made for you!" The words are addressed by a facetious shopman to a young countryman whose scarlet hair and ruddy countenance are at this moment surmounted by a Tyrolese hat, pronounced to be in the newest style.

"Why, it makes quite a swell of ye, Pat, me lad," observes his admiring parent, who stands by watching the proceeding.

"Somehow it's not aisy on me head," says young Pat, dubiously; "it's a sight too big!" Accordingly other hats are produced, and after a good deal of talk, one is decided on.

At the counter on the opposite side of the shop, Pat's sisters are absorbed in looking at bonnets, for Flanagan knows the taste of the country folks, and always has a large assortment of cheap gay bonnets ready for market days. Biddy McDermott, the elder of the two sisters, is in the act of trying on a marvellous erection of yellow straw, with streamers of the same colour, and bunches of poppies in the front of it. She is, as they say in the country, "a big loose lassie," with a lanky figure, a long thin neck, and very yellow skin. Certainly Biddy could not boast of personal charms, but she is happily quite

unconscious of any personal defects as she surveys herself admiringly in the glass, while her younger and prettier sister looks on with wistful eyes. She, poor child, has no money to buy any finery. The fine brood of chickens that she had reared, and for which she hoped to get a good price, had all died of the "pip" (a disease common to the feathered tribes). So she can only look on and envy her more fortunate sister, who, having made thirty shillings by a brood of turkeys she sold to the colonel's lady, can indulge her taste for dress. What wonder then if the "grapes are a little sour," when she exclaims "Your skin's too yallo for that bonnet, Biddy; the pink one would become ye a deal better"?

Suddenly the midday bell tolls out, and a dead silence falls on all around. Immediately the bargaining ceases; Biddy stops with her bonnet raised in mid-air, while she hastily repeats an Ave Maria, and young Pat has not even time to lay down the handglass in which he is surveying himself. Outside in the street the scene is more curious still. The buying and selling is suspended, while each engages in devotion, from the cattle-driver at the head of his herd to his less pretentious neighbour with his few young pigs which he keeps in hand by a straw rope attached to one of their legs. The poor man is rather in perplexity just now, for while with one hand he holds his hat before his face, with the other he is vainly trying to restrain the refractory pigs who are struggling frantically to free themselves. Every now and then, in desperation, he gives an impatient jerk which elicits squeals from the troublesome animals.

"Ah thin, there's Crazy Kitty, I declare!" exclaims old Pat McDermott, as, devotions over, the clatter of tongues once more commences. "The craythur!" he ejaculates, as a jauntily dressed female appears in view. It should here be said that at almost every fair in the country towns of Ireland there is a person of this sort, so it may not be amiss to describe her appearance.

"Crazy Kitty," as she is generally called, owing to her infirmity, is no longer young, but has still the remains of remarkable beauty. The hair, once bright auburn, is now grey, and almost completely hidden from view under a smart straw bonnet adorned with feathers and bows of ribbon of various colours. Her dress is a bright-coloured cotton, sewn over with pieces of gold and silver paper and bits of ribbon. She holds it up jauntily with the tips of her fingers as she minces along with bare feet, casting vacant smiles around her and giving coquetish glances out of her wild blue eyes that had once been renowned for their beauty. For, long ago, poor Kitty had a great sorrow. Her husband was drowned in a bog hole, which he had fallen into coming home drunk from a fair, and the poor thing has never had the right use of her senses since. Stopping suddenly in front of Flanagan's shop, she begins to sing the following ditty, which, as it is a fair type of the songs sung by the peasantry, may be given here in part.

"Last night I was dreamin' (bad sess to my dreamin')—
I'd die if I thought 'twould come truly to pass—
I dreamt, as the tears o'er my pillow were streamin',
That Teddy had courted another fair lass.

And didn't I wake with the wealin' and wailin',
The thought of my sorrow 'twas too hard to conceal;
My mother said, 'Nora, lass, what is yer ailin'?'
And all I could answer was 'Teddy O'Neil!'

I went to the cabin where he danced his wild jigs in,
As neat a small palace as ever was seen;
Considerin' it served to feed poultry and pigs in,
I'm shure you'll allow it was decent and clean!"

By the time she has finished her pathetic strain a crowd of listeners has gathered round her, and coppers are speedily forthcoming.

"Did ye ever find out the lass Teddy was a-courtin' of?" asked an impudent urchin standing near. "I'm thinkin' he left *you* hanging on the tree anyhow. Cheer up, Kitty, there are other lads in the world!"

"Hould yer tongue, ye spalpeen!" was the angry rejoinder, as the poor crazed woman turned away in indignation.

"Ah, don't be a-teazin' of her, lad," remonstrated 'Old Pat'; "she's seen a dale of trouble, the craythur, and it's made her simple like. I remember the day when all the 'boys' in the county, meself included, would have given anything to get a word from 'Pretty Kitty,' as we called her, but she wouldn't look at one of us," he added, addressing the audience.

"Ay, ay," puts in another, standing near. "Faix, and she was the purtiest girl in the town, and no mistake about it. D'ye mind, Pat, the day her good man was brought home dead? It was then meself thought she would go clean mad! A-tearin' of her hair and a-wringin' of her hands, and a-screechin,' fit to bring the house down! From that day to this she's simple like;" and the speaker glances pityingly at the tawdry figure disappearing in the distance.

Then ensued a good deal of gossip, of which "Crazy Kitty" formed the chief interest.

"And now, childer, we must go home," says Old Pat at last, as he emerges from the corner shop, where he and a friend have been treating one another to a glass. "I didn't know it was so late, so late at all," he remarks, glancing at his large turnip of a watch.

"Shure there's no sich hurry, dada,"* exclaim the unwilling girls. "We've a deal of shoppin' to do yet."

Pat, nothing loth, returns with some friends to the corner shop; and by the time his daughters' shopping is accomplished, and all are ready to start, he is in a very jovial frame of mind, but, sad to say, utterly incapable of holding the reins.

The shades of evening fall around, and the caravan of carts and cars begin to wend their way homewards, and a hush falls on the little town, a few moments previously the scene of such confusion.

In the west of Ireland, especially in the town of Galway, a market day presents a very different aspect from that described in Longton. The one apes civilisation and innovations of the age; the other still clings to its pristine simplicity. Thus on a market day in Galway we still see the country-women coming to town in their picturesque cloaks of red or blue, and their red petticoats of home manufacture, while the men still wear their frieze suits and hose, the wool of which is spun at home. The poorer women are not above carrying a large basket or "creel" on their backs, containing farm produce—butter, eggs, etc. This basket is strapped to the shoulders by grass ropes, and in rainy weather the cloak is flung over it to protect its contents from the rain. Sometimes, too, a child is carried on top of

all, and forms no small addition to the burden. Often a peasant-woman knits the whole way to market, thus economising time.

The richer class of farmers are able to drive their carts to market. These conveyances are manufactured in a very primitive fashion, having long shafts, which protrude some way behind the cart in a most awkward manner. These vehicles are usually driven by the women, and are stocked, as the case may be, with fowls, pigs, turf, or hay, according to the time of year or produce of the farm. The same system of buying and selling goes on as we have already described. There is, however, one class of women that is peculiar to Galway, and must therefore be mentioned.

There is a district of Galway, near the coast, to the right of the harbour, called the "Claddah," which is entirely inhabited by the fishermen and their families. These form quite a clan, and are exceedingly clannish in their sentiments, not allowing a stranger to set foot in their village or meddle with their fishing. Such a one would find it as much as his life was worth to fish anywhere within the "Claddah" district. These people live quite apart in a world of their own, subsisting almost entirely on the produce of their fishing, and they talk Irish with an accent peculiar to themselves.

Every market day the women may be seen in the market with fish for sale. They wear red petticoats, over which gay cotton dresses are looped up, and bright kerchiefs cover their abundant tresses of jet black hair. These are allowed to fall in a peak on the neck. The women are of a peculiar type, as are also their husbands; tall, dark, muscular, and with shapely limbs, though on a large scale. A finer race could hardly be seen thirty years ago than the "Claddah" people. At that time they could boast of no less than one thousand strong, able-bodied men, thoroughly acquainted with the sea, such as would be a credit to our navy; but since the famine the race has degenerated sadly.

The manner in which these women carry on their bargaining is so peculiar that it may be well to give a specimen of it here.

Taking a fish in each hand the "Claddah" woman will accost a stranger, and, swinging her fish to and fro, she will request him to buy: "Ah, thin, yer honour, there isn't a finer craythur caught; see how the tail curls up, and look at the size of it!"

"Don't ye mind her, yer honour," cries out another woman, confronting him with *her* fish, dangled in like manner; "thim's no good," pointing to those of her rival. "See here," and, suiting the action to the words, she gives the other woman's fish a great bang and flattens them, whereupon a fight ensues. They do not *usually* come to blows, though occasionally, when exasperated beyond measure, they *do* fling their fish in each other's faces. But, as a general rule, they content themselves with dancing a kind of war-dance, and shaking their dresses with all their might in a way quite ludicrous to lookers-on who may not happen to be initiated into the eccentricities of these people. The language which usually accompanies this capering is not edifying to listen to, but as it is carried on in Irish few can be harmed by it.

The "Claddah" men are usually dressed in a costume of homespun blue frieze coats, sailor fashion. These people have a king of their own (or had a few years ago), who is chosen from among the oldest and most renowned of the "Claddah" families, and is

* Grown-up sons and daughters among the peasantry address their father as "dada."

arbitrator of all the disputes that may arise among his subjects, so that they scarcely ever appear before a court of justice.

Galway is one of the few towns of Ireland that still clings to its primitive simplicity in dress and customs. The "love-matches of Connaught" are spoken of by the more civilised provinces with supreme contempt. "Love in a cottage," or rather in a hovel, is a real every-day occurrence there. It is usually supposed that the Irish are very susceptible to the "tender passion," but we doubt this being the case, especially among the peasantry of the present day, who are too wise to let their heart get the better of their head. No man of sense will allow himself to fall in love with a girl, however charming she may be, unless he has ascertained that she has some worldly advantage to recommend her besides her face. Consequently the same bartering goes on about marriage as about other matters.

In a certain village we know of it used to be the custom to employ a confidential friend, considered suitable for the purpose, to look out for a wife for any one desiring to settle in life. The usual stipulation was that she should have "three F's," namely: *family, face, and fortune*. These requirements were not easily obtained, as may be imagined. A man would remain a bachelor all his days sooner than marry a penniless girl. Indeed, to do these wise-heads justice, we must own that there are very few cases on record of men who have so far forgotten what was due to themselves as to fall in love with a penniless girl of obscure family. No, the bride-elect must have either cattle, or a farm, or something to recommend her, or be she a very Venus for beauty,

she may remain all her life unsought for, and "waste her sweetness on the desert air."

The pioneer sent out on this delicate matter of investigation, must be a man of experience, prudence, and judgment, who will go about his work cautiously. But even the most experienced in this line of commerce are liable to err, as the following anecdote will show.

A father wishing to get his daughter, who was portioned, married to a wealthy man, sent out the village oracle to investigate. After some little time the pioneer returned with a brilliant account of his success; he had heard of just the man that would do. Accordingly on a given day the father went to the desirable personage to inspect matters. True enough there were plenty of cows grazing in the meadows, carts full of hay, ready for sale, a sty full of pigs, flocks of geese, etc. The good man returned home quite elated, and told his daughter of the good fortune in store for her. Fearing to let such a good chance slip, an early day was fixed for the wedding. No sooner was the marriage accomplished, than all the bridegroom's possessions melted into air, and it was discovered that he was as poor as a "church mouse." He had gained a rich wife, and had nothing to give in return; the cattle, geese, hay, etc., had all been borrowed from neighbours, and set out for inspection on the day that the bargain was to be completed. It must be owned that one's sympathies go with the improvident Connaught "boy," who marries the girl he loves without thinking of her portion, even though love in a hovel in the midst of a bog, and a swarm of healthy bare-footed children, be the result.

E. B. M.

ANTS.

"A LITTLE PEOPLE," BUT "EXCEEDING WISE."

BY THE REV. W. FARREN WHITE, M.A., VICAR OF STONEHOUSE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

IX.

THE SLAVE-MAKERS.

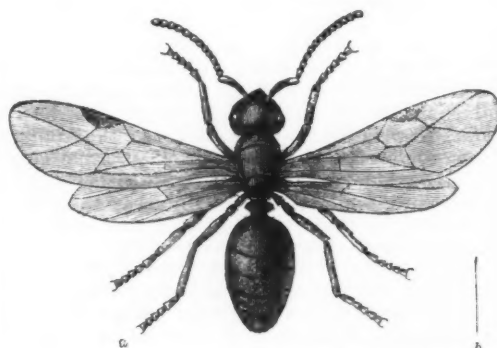
I COME now to speak of the specific characteristics of the slave-making ant (*Formica sanguinea*). The



Fig. 28.—a. *Formica sanguinea*. Large worker.

head, thorax, and legs of the large worker are blood-

red; in some examples of the worker the vertex in the region of the ocelli is dusky. This is especially noticeable, however, in the smaller workers. There seems to be a graduated scale observed in the size



a. *Formica sanguinea*—Male.

b. Natural size.

of the workers, varying from about four lines to three, or even less. In fact, some of the small workers seem

to be less than half the size of the largest individuals.



a. *Formica sanguinea*—Female. b. Natural size.

The abdomen is dark-ash coloured, and slightly red at the extremity, and characterised by a glittering sheen. The males and winged females are to be found in the month of August. The female has the head, thorax, and legs red; the head, however, being dusky on the vertex, or in the region of the ocelli. The head is broader than that of *rufa*, the abdomen being shorter, the antennæ a little longer, and the wings a shade darker towards their base, being of a pale brown. The abdomen is coloured as in the worker. I should mention that the head and thorax of *rufa* are of a rusty-red colour—the abdomen as well as the scutellum (a little plate in the middle of the thorax) being shining black. The tibiae tarsi and tips of the femora being of a reddish brown. The male *sanguinea* is black, and legs entirely red. Antennæ longer than in male of *rufa*, and abdomen broader and shorter. The venation of the wings is slightly different, the marginal and submarginal cells being complete, is blackish ash-coloured, with rufous or reddish legs; the base of femora, the tibiae and tarsi being more or less fuscous.

To return to my search. After identifying the species around the gorse stump, on the sunny bank at Shirley, I watched it more closely, and was gratified in finding it very numerously represented in this locality. The ants abounded and were in constant motion; and how were they occupied? Wondrous to relate, two of the workers I noticed carrying each a black ant, called *Formica fusca*. And I watched also individuals of *Formica fusca* on most friendly terms with those of *Formica sanguinea*, going in and coming out of the entrances of a common domicile, while workers of *sanguinea* were busily and laudably engaged in replenishing the larder, one, as I have before remarked, carrying a beetle, of a very rare species, and which I presented to Mr. Smith, since he had not a representative in his collection. Two other workers I noticed carrying between them a caterpillar, which would form doubtless a most delicious banquet for the hungry inmates of the formic castle. A worker of *Formica fusca* I observed carrying evidently the material for either the repair or the enlargement of the message. I had thus furnished me unmistakable evidence that *Formica sanguinea* is a slaveholder; and to set the matter at rest, I thought I would inquire within, and rapped, as it were, at the door by tapping the bark where the nest was situated; and out came the slave-owners in large

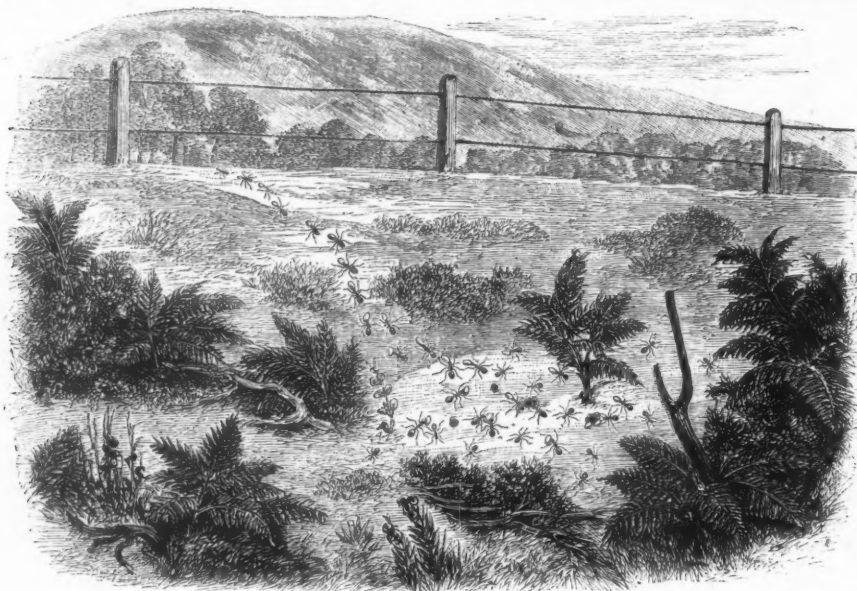
numbers to see what was the matter. I then disturbed their equanimity by unceremoniously intruding upon their privacy. I discovered within numbers of the workers of *F. fusca*. These were the slaves, or, if preferred, the domestic servants of *F. sanguinea*. I came upon another nest, and with the same result. In the second, however, I did not find quite so many as in the first nest investigated. I here observed a slave assisting to replenish the larder by carrying a fly. This nest, as well as the first, was formed around a gorse stump. I should mention that other species of ants are sometimes found in the nest of *sanguinea*. In the stump which formed the central support of the first nest I examined, I found a species of the family *Myrmicidae*, called *Leptothorax acervorum*, both its pupa and larva being contained in perforations in the wood. I have discovered this ant also, about two years ago, in a post of an old fence of my kitchen garden, which post, and its tenants, I now have in my greenhouse. I have come across the species also at the root of a Scotch fir at Bournemouth, and last year I twice met with it at Lynmouth, in the valley of the East Lyn; on one occasion in an old stump, the workers being very busy in enlarging the chambers of their habitation; and on another occasion I had pleasure in finding a party of the species enjoying themselves on the top of a rock, males, females, and workers being represented in what was evidently a family gathering.

Mr. G. A. James Rothney, of Calcutta, who for several years most carefully examined the *formicaria* of *F. sanguinea* at Shirley and its neighbourhood, discovered the following species in one nest—I quote now from a paper on "Hymenoptera," by Mr. Smith, contained in the "Entomologists' Annual" for 1868, which contains a record of Mr. Rothney's captures—*Formica fusca*, common; *F. nigra* and *F. flava*, several specimens; *Tapinoma erraticum*, *Myrmica ruginodis*, and *M. scabrinodis*, common; *M. lobicornis*, the workers very abundant, but only one female; *Leptothorax acervorum*, all the sexes abundant in August; *L. nylanderii*, several specimens. No nest of *Formica fusca* or of *F. flava* could be found near that of *F. sanguinea*, but those of *F. nigra*, *F. erraticum*, *Myrmica ruginodis*, and *M. scabrinodis*, were all within the distance of a few yards.

I should add that though I have only found *L. acervorum* besides *F. fusca* in the nests of the *sanguinea*, I have discovered all the species in Mr. Rothney's list on Shirley Common or its neighbourhood, with the exception of *L. nylanderii*. This uncommon species I have met with near Lee, Blackheath, in an unusual position—viz., inhabiting an old stump. With reference to the above capture and the relation between *F. sanguinea* and the many species of ants inhabiting its nests, I received a most interesting communication direct from Mr. Rothney bearing date March 3rd, 1879, to which I shall presently have occasion to refer. In a letter received from Mr. Smith last year in answer to an inquiry on my part, he wrote: "I have not found *F. cunicularia* in nests of *F. sanguinea*, but I have found a few *Myrmica scabrinodis*; in all nests I have found *fusca*, and I have seen a few *flava*." Strange to say that though I have not seen *flava* in *sanguinea*'s nest, I discovered last summer a few *flava* in the heart of a nest of *F. rufa* in the delightful valley of the Horner, near Porlock, where the red deer come down from the wilds of Exmoor to quench their thirst.

Having verified the well-attested fact that *F. san-*

guinea is a slave-owner, it now became my strong desire to verify the still more marvellous, and no less | been identified as British, which I have found also at Bournemouth, and on Stinchcombe Hill, Gloucestershire.



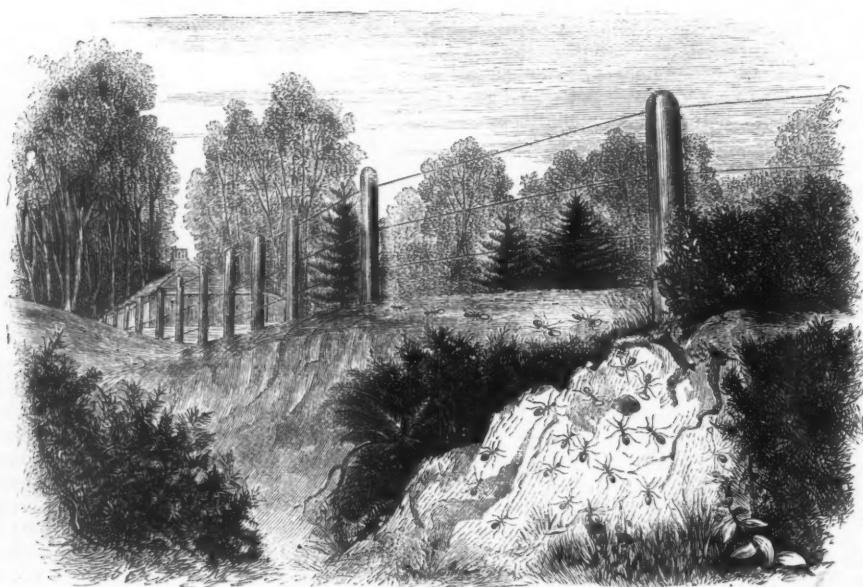
THE SLAVE-MAKERS (*F. sanguinea*) ATTACKING THE NEST OF *F. fusca*.

well-authenticated fact, that *F. sanguinea* is a slave-maker, though there have as yet been but few witnesses of so extraordinary an instinct.

I resolved to pay another visit to Shirley on my return from Suffolk, whither I was bound, after

tershire, and in strong force under stones near Minehead, as I have already mentioned, the two last-named localities, as well as Lowestoft, being new habitats.

On July 3 I again made my way to Shirley with



SLAVE-MAKERS RETURNING HOME AFTER THEIR VICTORIOUS EXPEDITION.

a short sojourn in London. In Suffolk, at the pleasant watering-place of Lowestoft, I discovered what I believe will prove to be the metropolis of *Formica aliena*, an ant which has not many years

one of my sisters, who proved to be a very diligent, accurate, and interested observer. It was a most enjoyable and eventful day, though it became showery towards the close of the afternoon, and our

latest observations were made and recorded under the shelter of an umbrella.

To save time, we drove to the common from Croydon Station, where we alighted to prosecute our researches. We soon reached the dominion of *sanguinea*, stormed one of the slave-holders' citadels, and captured a large number of the slaves with their owners, and many infant charges—viz., the pupæ, which had evidently become developed since my last investigations, for then I saw none. The contents of this nest of *sanguinea* I carefully preserved in a tin box, bringing away also the old gorse stump, which formed a part of the common habitation, for a chamber in the wood formed a nursery, where lay the babies of *sanguinea* reposing sweetly beneath their silken coverlets. Both the slave-owners and the slaves were still in existence on July 11, 1879, living together most happily, and associated in labour most harmoniously in a crystal vase in my study. But to return. While carefully examining the *sanguinea* ground—for there were several nests besides the one I had secured—I was not a little interested in observing a worker of *sanguinea* carrying a pupa smaller than the pupæ I had appropriated from the captured citadel, and I was still further interested in noticing another worker of *sanguinea* hastening along with a similar burden, and yet another and another, each laden with what evidently was a precious charge.

The little carriers were hurrying forward with a jubilant and triumphant air, and a peculiar cantering motion, and nothing would turn them from their course. Soon we noticed that numbers of *sanguinea* were carrying burdens, a few being larvæ, but almost all the burdens were pupæ. The jocund little people seemed all eager to reach their home, which as usual was formed around a gorse stump. Some were marching quicker than the rest; their powers of endurance were evidently greater, and those who lagged behind were perhaps weary with their long journey and with the weight of their burdens, since we could see that they had come from far. I watched one worker, who travelled thirteen of my paces in three minutes, stopped a little to converse with a slave it met with on its way, and hastened on to its nest. I watched one worker of *sanguinea* travel twenty-three paces or yards, and carry the pupa to its nest. On its way it fairly outstripped two others who were journeying in the same direction and on the same errand. I was determined to trace back the scattered file of *sanguinea* to the spot from whence they had come, and so ascertain from whence they had obtained their precious burdens. I walked back forty-six paces, and discovered that they were filing out of a nest among the fern, and from this nest to their own there was constant motion, constant activity, and constant excitement.

But what of the nest, which was evidently being pillaged of its infant inmates? There were two workers of *F. fusca* running frantically about upon the surface, with pupæ in their mandibles; and, in order evidently to escape from the fell determination of the marauders who were desolating their homes, they hurried into the fern, and so endeavoured to ward off from themselves and infant progeny the threatening danger. I opened a portion of the nest, and found a nursery crowded with pupæ some depth below the surface of the nest; only one or two workers of *fusca* were left. The rest had evidently escaped with as many of the pupæ as they could manage to take charge of and save. I noticed several wander-

ing over the desolated nest with pupæ and larvæ in their mandibles. I watched a *fusca* carrying off a pupa from behind the entrance whence the *sanguinea* were issuing forth. Immediately it saw the enemy approaching it dropped its charge and left it to its fate. The *sanguinea* then gave it a push, and drove it off in double quick time. I then saw another *fusca* wandering over the nest, and trying to escape, as it were, by the back door, with a larva in its mandibles, but it was seen and overtaken by a small worker of *sanguinea*, who seized the baby from its perturbed and luckless foster-mother, and bore it off in triumph. I noticed a *sanguinea* coming up out of the nest with a pupa; and a *fusca* observing it, went up a fern-frond with the utmost expedition. My sister then observed a tussle between a *fusca* and a *sanguinea*. The *fusca* tried to force an entrance into its pillaged home; but, meeting with an antagonist, thought discretion the better part of valour, and turned tail with all speed.

These observations were made in the afternoon, from half-past 2 to 4.20. I now noticed a *sanguinea* take off a pupa from the same entrance into which the *fusca* vainly endeavoured to force its way; and I noticed, further, another pupa within the same entrance; hence was explained the persistency and anxiety of the *fusca*. It had most likely concealed these pupæ in the hope that they would be saved from the general wreck. A *sanguinea* had evidently found these out, and the *fusca* was endeavouring to rescue them from their inevitable fate. Several *fusca* I then noticed wandering over the disturbed nest. One took off a pupa, and fled with it in a direction contrary to that taken by the marauders; at the same time I watched a *sanguinea* frighten off a *fusca*. Another *fusca* met a *sanguinea* on the nest, and ran away precipitately. Another *fusca* then appeared wandering over the nest with a pupa locked in its embrace, knowing not which way to turn for succour and safety. One thing was patent from our observations—that between the *fusca* and the *sanguinea* there was a well-defined and clearly-pronounced antagonism. In presence of the *sanguinea* the *fusca* were terror-stricken. In fact, the depredators had it all their own way, and were able in this instance at least to carry out their marvellous instincts without destroying a single life. I now clearly understood that my most sanguine and anxiously-cherished hopes had been fully realised, and that I had confirmed in my own experience the wondrous fact that *F. sanguinea* is not only a slave-owner, but a slave-maker.

THE SLAVE-MAKING INSTINCT FIRST OBSERVED BY
M. P. HUBER IN *F. RUFESCENS*.

It should be known that the slave-making instinct was first observed by M. P. Huber, in *Rufescens*, which is not a British species; it belongs to an allied genus, viz., *Polyergus*, which may be distinguished from *Formica* by having the maxillary palpi four-jointed instead of six, and the labial palpi two-jointed instead of four. The mandibles being slender and curved, acute at the apex, and not dentate within, *Polyergus rufescens*, as *Formica sanguinea*, is associated with the family *Formicidae*. It is found in France and Switzerland, and it was in the latter country that Huber studied its marvellous economy. He says in his historical sketch of the Amazon ants: "On the 17th June, 1804, whilst walking in the environs of

Geneva, between four and five in the evening, I observed close at my feet, traversing the road, a legion of *rufescent* ants. They moved in a body, with considerable rapidity, and occupied a space of from eight to ten inches in length by three or four inches in breadth. In a few minutes they quitted the road, passed a thick hedge, and entered a pasture-ground, where I followed them. They wound along the grass without straggling, and their column remained unbroken, notwithstanding the obstacles they had to surmount. At length they approached a nest, inhabited by dark ash-coloured ants—i.e., *Formica fusca*—the dome of which rose above the grass at a distance of twenty feet from the hedge. Some of its inhabitants were guarding the entrance, but on the discovery of an approaching army, darted forth upon the advanced guard. The alarm spread at the same moment in the interior, and their companions came forth in numbers from their underground residence. The *rufescent* ants, the bulk of whose army lay only at the distance of two paces, quickened their march to arrive at the foot of the ant-hill. The whole battalion in an instant fell upon and overthrew the ash-coloured ants, who, after a short but obstinate conflict, retired to the bottom of their nest. The *rufescent* ants now ascended the hillock, collected in crowds on the summit, and took possession of the principal avenues, leaving some of their companions to work an opening in the side of the ant-hill with their teeth. Success crowned their enterprise, and by the newly-made breach the remainder of the army entered. Their sojourn was, however, of short duration, for in three or four minutes they returned by the same apertures which gave them entrance, each bearing off in its mouth a larva or a pupa. They retraced the route by which they had arrived, and proceeded, one after another, without order or regularity. The whole army might be readily distinguished in the grass by the contrast afforded by the *rufescent* ants and the white larvæ and pupæ they had captured. They repassed the hedge and the road in the place they had previously crossed it, and then directed their course through a field of ripened corn where I experienced the regret of not being able to follow them. I now retraced my steps towards the scene of the recent assault, and there found a small number of ash-coloured labourers, perched upon the stalks of plants, holding in their mouths a few larvæ they had rescued from pillage; these they shortly carried back to their former station." "This feature," he adds, "so prominent in the history of *rufescent* ants, of whose real name I was then ignorant, induced me to give them the appellation of Amazon or Legionary ants, as being most analogous to their martial character."

Huber shows how utterly dependent these Amazon ants are upon their slaves, which spring from the captured larvæ and pupæ, and which they sometimes draw from the colonies of the *Formica cunicularia* as well as the *Formica fusca*, both being mining ants. The *F. cunicularia* is very similar in appearance to the small workers of the *F. rufa*, but its habits are different from the wood ant, which is more of a builder than a miner, though some of its chambers are subterranean—these, however, are merely the underground offices of their thatched dwelling, into which they retire during hibernation. The auxiliaries are alone employed in establishing a new domicile, and in carrying thither the *rufescent* ants with their pupæ and larvæ, whenever their mas-

ters wish to change their abode. As a rule they build the nest, rear the young, and furnish them with provisions, and even feed their masters. Huber says, "I have never seen the Amazons take nourishment but from the mouth of the negroes. I have presented to them honey and fruit which they left untasted. When hungry they approach their auxiliaries, and these disgorge in their mouths the juices they have obtained from the *aphides*, the ant-cows which they milk for the common benefit."

Sir John Lubbock, now President of the Entomological Society, and who is well known as an indefatigable observer of the habits of the little people, records how he had a nest of this species under observation for a long time, but never saw one of the masters feeding; how he kept isolated specimens for weeks by giving them a slave for an hour or two a day to cleanse and feed them, without which assistance they would have perished in two or three days. He says: "I know no other case in nature of a species having lost the instinct of feeding." Huber also discovered the slave-making instinct in *F. sanguinea*, which, as we have seen, is not nearly so dependent upon its auxiliaries as *F. rufescent*, since it shares with its slaves the work of the common home. Other continental entomologists have verified Huber's observations, especially Auguste Forel, who has recorded the results of his investigations in his interesting work on the ants of Switzerland before referred to.

Varieties.

VENTURESOME VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.—In 1879 two Americans, the brothers Andrews, crossed the Atlantic in a small boat, the *Nautilus*, which was exhibited at the Paris Exposition, and afterwards at the Brighton Aquarium. The "Log of the *Nautilus*" was printed in the "Boy's Own Paper," and has since been reprinted as a book by Griffith & Farran. New interest belongs to that first venturesome voyage from the appearance this season of another New England "Dory," the "Little Western," with two Americans as crew.

CARNARVON CASTLE.—A massive slate tablet bearing the names of the nineteen Princes of Wales, together with the dates of their birth, has been placed in the old castle near the chamber in which Edward II is traditionally reported to have been born.

AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE.—Since the departure of Colonel Gordon there has been great increase of the slave-trade in the Soudan and the Red Sea. Mr. C. H. Allen, Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, has published some sad details. England ought to be represented by a consular agent in Upper Egypt, as well as other parts of Africa where the nefarious traffic exists.

IMPORT DUTIES.—A recent leader in the "Times" concludes with a statement which would have delighted M. Bastiat or Mr. Cobden. "Nothing but want of money has hindered us long ago from abolishing the duties on tea and coffee without asking for any supposed equivalent from China, Costa Rica, or Brazil, and nothing but want of money stops us from reducing the wine duties, whether the nations of the Continent do or do not reduce their duties on imports from England. We in England are believers in free trade, and intend to adhere to it; and if other nations do not at once adopt its truths, it shall not be because they have been misled by our practice and our example, and have thus failed to comprehend them."

HOSPITAL SUNDAY FUND.—The amount available for distribution by the Mansion House Committee is nearly £23,690, awarded to 180 institutions. The largest grant was the sum of £2,916 voted to the London Hospital. Then came £1,633 to St. George's; £1,453 to King's College; £1,453 to the Middlesex; and £1,050 to the Hospital for Consumption.

le they
h them
Huber
ourish-
ve pre-
tasted.
es, and
y have
h they

ntomo-
n inde-
people,
under
of the
ons for
two a
assist-
e days.
e of a
Huber
F. san-
so de-
ince it
home.
Huber's
no has
in his
before

In 1879
ntic in a
he Paris
m. The
Paper,"
Farran.
from the
ory," the

ring the
che dates
chamber
en born.

Colonel
le in the
y of the
some sad
ar agent
here the

oncludes
at or Mr.
d us long
t asking
or Brazil,
icing the
or do not
England
; and if
ll not be
example,

or distri-
£29,690,
e sum of
£1,633 to
Middle-

TH

THE
THE
THE
THE
THE

Old
Cath
Inc

The
Sund
On K
The
Some

The
T
he
W
eon
tic
10
url
w
10
eof
E
3
he
By
n C
W
he
In
clo
arg
4

Just published. Price 6s. 6d., in cloth boards.

THE CHAIN OF LIFE IN GEOLOGICAL TIME.

A SKETCH OF THE ORIGIN AND SUCCESSION OF ANIMALS AND PLANTS.

BY

J. W. DAWSON, LL.D., F.R.S., F.S.S., ETC.,

AUTHOR OF "ACADIAN GEOLOGY," "THE STORY OF THE EARTH," "LIFE'S DAWN ON EARTH," "THE ORIGIN OF THE WORLD," ETC.
WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

CONTENTS.

THE SOURCES AND EXTENT OF OUR KNOWLEDGE.
THE BEGINNING OF LIFE ON THE EARTH.
THE AGE OF INVERTEBRATES OF THE SEA.
THE ORIGIN OF PLANT LIFE ON THE LAND.
THE APPEARANCE OF VERTEBRATE ANIMALS.

THE FIRST AIR-BREATHERS.
THE EMPIRE OF THE GREAT REPTILES.
THE FIRST FORESTS OF MODERN TYPE.
THE REIGN OF MAMMALS.
THE ADVENT OF MAN, THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME.

SIXPENCE MONTHLY.

The SEPTEMBER PART is now ready, containing—

Old Mrs. Barron. By the Author of "Christie Redfern's Troubles." (Illustrated.)
Catherine Tait.

Incidents of a Journey Round the World. By the Rev. W. URWICK, M.A. xx. Hong-Kong. xxi. Macao. xxii. Canton. (Illustrated.)

The New Life. vi. The Worker's Songs, or the Way-faring Psalms.

Sundays at Home and Abroad.

On Fault-finding.

The Early Struggles of a Sunday-school.

Some Reminiscences of Italian Travel. By STENTON EARDLEY, B.A., Vicar of Streatham Common. vii. The Mountain-Village Priest. viii. The Church Champion and one of his Hearers. ix. Matrimonio Civile. x. The New Light. xi. In a School. (Illustrated.)

The Pulpit Ancient and Modern. By the Rev. E. PAXTON HOOD. viii. Texts and their Treatment.

Hints to Hospital Visitors.

Sierra Leone, and the Foreign Mission-work of the Countess of Huntingdon's Churches.

A Father's Last Words.

The Pulpit in the Family:—The Unpardonable Sin.—Mortifying the Deeds of the Body.

Poetry:—Autumn.—The Mystery of Pain.—An Ancient Prayer.

Pages for the Young:—Good Fun, and its Consequences.—About the Railway.—Florence and her Orphan Friend.

Scripture Exercises.

Monthly Religious Record.

WITH A COLOURED FRONTISPIECE—"AUTUMN FLOWERS."

INTERESTING BOOKS FOR HOLIDAY READING.

The Awdries and their Friends, and other Tales. By MRS. PROSSER. Illustrated. 4s. cloth, gilt.

The Sale of Callowfields. By MRS. PROSSER. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. cloth boards.

George Burley: His Experiences and Observations. By G. E. SARGENT. With Engravings. Imperial 16mo. 4s. 6d. cloth, gilt.

Curlock Chase; or, Among the Sussex Iron-works. By G. E. SARGENT. With Engravings. Imperial 16mo. 5s. cloth, gilt.

Howwine the Monk; or, The Curse of the Ericsons. A Tale of a Saxon Family. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. cloth, gilt.

The Poor Clerk and his Crooked Sixpence. By GEO. E. SARGENT. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. cloth boards.

An Old Sailor's Story. By GEORGE E. SARGENT. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. cloth boards.

The Foster-Brothers of Doon. A Tale of the Irish Rebellion of 1798. By Miss E. H. WALSHE. 4s. cloth, gilt edges.

Margaret's Choice. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 4s. cloth, gilt edges.

The Great Salterns. By SARAH DOUDNEY. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. cloth, gilt edges.

Janet Darney's Story. A Tale of Fisher Life in Chale Bay. By SARAH DOUDNEY. 3s. 6d. cloth, gilt.

Old Anthony's Secret, and other Stories. By SARAH DOUDNEY. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. cloth boards.

The Chronicles of an Old Manor House. By G. E. SARGENT. Illustrated. 4s. cloth, gilt.

The Grafton Family, and other Tales. By G. E. SARGENT. Illustrated. 2s. cloth boards.

The Story of a Diamond. By Miss M. L. WHATELY. With Engravings. 3s. 6d. cloth, gilt edges.

The Door without a Knocker, and other Tales. By MRS. PROSSER. Imperial 16mo. 3s. cloth boards.

The Moth and the Candle; or, Lucy Woodville's Temptation. With Engravings. 2s. 6d. cloth boards.

Out of the Mouth of the Lion; or, The Church in the Catacombs. With Illustrations. 3s. 6d. cloth, gilt.

Glaucia, the Greek Slave. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. cloth, gilt edges.

LONDON: 56, PATERNOSTER ROW. MAY BE HAD OF ANY BOOKSELLER.

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY'S LIST.

Angus—Handbook of English Literature. By J. ANGUS, D.D. 3s. cloth boards; 7s. half bound; 8s. 6d. calf.

Angus—Handbook of Specimens of English Literature. By J. ANGUS, D.D. 12mo, 5s. 6d. cloth boards; 7s. 6d. half bound; 9s. calf.

Birrell—The Life of the Rev. Richard Knill, of St. Petersburg. By the Rev. C. M. BIRRELL. New and Revised Edition, with Portrait and Engravings. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

Bell—Angelic Beings: their Nature and Ministry. By the Rev. Canon BELL. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. cloth.

Bonar—The Word of Promise; or, a Handbook to the Promises of Scripture. By Dr. HORATIUS BONAR. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. cloth boards.

Bourdillon—A Help to Family Worship; or, Short Forms of Morning and Evening Prayer for Four Weeks. By the Rev. F. BOURDILLON, M.A. Small crown 8vo, 1s. cloth; large type edition, in imperial 16mo, 2s. cloth boards.

Bourdillon—Family Readings on the Gospel according to St. John, for Daily Use in Christian Households. By the Rev. FRANCIS BOURDILLON, M.A. Crown 8vo, 4s. cloth boards.

Bunyan—The Pilgrim's Progress. Post 8vo. Illustrated by Twenty-four Coloured Plates after Sir JOHN GILBERT. 7s. 6d. bevelled boards, gilt edges; or in morocco, elegant, 17s. 6d. In very large type, demy 8vo. With Sixteen Illustrations by Sir JOHN GILBERT, 4s. 6d. bevelled boards. The same edition, with Twelve Plates in Oil Colours, 6s. 6d. bevelled boards, gilt.

Cox—The Book of Ruth: A Popular Exposition. By the Rev. SAMUEL COX, Editor of "The Expositor." 2s. cloth boards.

Culross—The Greatness of Little Things. By the Rev. JAMES CULROSS, D.D. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. cloth.

Culross—The Home at Bethany: Its Joys, its Sorrows, and its Divine Guest. By the Rev. J. CULROSS, M.A., D.D. 2s. 6d. cloth.

Dunkin—The Midnight Sky. Familiar Notes on the Stars and Planets. By EDWIN DUNKIN, of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, F.R.A.S. With Thirty-two Star Maps and other Illustrations. New and Revised Edition. 7s. 6d. cloth boards; 9s. with gilt edges.

Edersheim—Bible History. By the Rev. Dr. EDERSHEIM. Each Vol. in crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. cloth boards.

Vol. I. The World before the Flood, and the History of the Patriarchs.

Vol. II. The Exodus and the Wanderings in the Wilderness.

Vol. III. Israel in Canaan under Joshua and the Judges.

Vol. IV. Israel under Samuel, Saul, and David, to the Birth of Solomon.

Vol. V. Israel and Judah from Solomon to Ahab.

Just published.

Elliott—Selections from the Poems of Charlotte Elliott, author of "Just as I am." With a Memoir by her Sister. Finely printed, with Portrait. Crown 8vo, 4s. cloth boards; 11s. morocco antique.

Elliott—Leaves from the Unpublished Journals, Correspondence, and Poems of Charlotte Elliott. Coloured Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 4s. cloth boards, gilt edges; 11s. morocco.

Fleming—Readings for Winter Gatherings, Temperance and Mothers' Meetings, etc. First, Second, and Third Series. Edited by the Rev. Canon FLEMING, B.D. Crown 8vo, each 1s., neat cover; 1s. 6d. cloth.

Foxe—The Acts and Monuments of John Foxe. Revised and Corrected, with Appendices, Glossary, and Indices, by the Rev. JOSIAH PRATT, M.A. Also an Introduction, Biographical and Descriptive, by the Rev. JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D. In Eight Vols., royal 8vo, Plates, £2 10s. the set.

Garbett—The Soul's Life: its Commencement, Progress, and Maturity. By the Rev. Canon GARBETT. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d. cloth boards.

Garbett—Experiences of the Inner Life. Lessons from its Duties, Joys, and Conflicts. By the Rev. Canon GARBETT. A Sequel to "The Soul's Life." Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth boards.

Green—Pictures from Bible Lands. Drawn with Pen and Pencil. Edited by the Rev. S. G. GREEN, D.D. With numerous superior Engravings. 8s. handsomely bound in cloth, gilt; or in best morocco, elegant, 25s.

Hood—Isaac Watts: His Life and Writings, his Homes and Friends. By the Rev. E. PAXTON HOOD. Illustrations. 6s. cloth.

Howe, John, Works of. 8vo. Edited by Professor HENRY ROGERS. Vol. I. Blessedness of the Righteous, etc. Vol. II. Delighting in God, The Redeemer's Tears, etc. Vol. III. The Living Temple. Vol. IV. Self-dedication, On Yielding Ourselves to God, etc. Vol. V. On Divine Prescience, The Trinity Sermons, etc. Vol. VI. Funeral Sermons, and Index. 3s. each Vol., cloth boards.

Howe, Life of. With Analysis of his Writings. By the late HENRY ROGERS. Portrait. 8vo. New Edition, 3s. cloth boards; Cheap Edition, crown 8vo, 3s. cloth boards.

Howson—Meditations on the Miracles of Christ. By the Very Rev. J. S. HOWSON, D.D., Dean of Chester. First and Second Series. Each crown 8vo, 3s. cloth boards.

Howson—Scenes from the Life of St. Paul. By the Very Rev. J. S. HOWSON, D.D., Dean of Chester. With Illustrations by Paolo Priolo. Imperial 8vo, 6s. handsomely bound.

Keith Johnston—Biblical Atlas and Scripture Gazetteer. With sixteen finely engraved Coloured Maps by W. and A. KEITH JOHNSTON, and a very elaborate Gazetteer, giving information about nearly every place which is marked upon the Maps, with Scripture References, etc. Price 5s. in cloth boards.

Landels—The Great Cloud of Witnesses; or, The Power of Faith exemplified in the cases of Abel, Ench, Noah, Abraham, Isaac, and other Worthies mentioned in Hebrews xi. By the Rev. Dr. LANDELS. 4s. cloth.

Lewis—The Trades and Industrial Occupations of the Bible. By the Rev. W. G. LEWIS. Crown 8vo, 3s. cloth boards.

Locker—Bible Readings from the Gospels. For Mothers' Meetings, etc. By Mrs. FREDERICK LOCKER. Crown 8vo, in clear type, 2s. cloth boards.

Locker—Bible Readings from the Acts. For Mothers' Meetings. By Mrs. FREDERICK LOCKER. Crown 8vo, 2s. cloth boards.

Manning and Green—The Lands of Scripture. Comprising "Those Holy Fields," "The Land of the Pharaohs," and "Pictures from Bible Lands." By SAMUEL MANNING, LL.D., and S. G. GREEN, D.D. In one handsome Volume, cloth elegant, 21s.

Manning—"Those Holy Fields." Palestine Illustrated. Engravings. Imp. 8vo, 2s. 1/2, cloth, gilt edges; or in the best morocco, elegant, 25s.

Manning—The Land of the Pharaohs. Egypt and Sinai Illustrated by Pen and Pencil. By the Rev. S. MANNING, LL.D. With Fine Engravings. Imp. 8vo, 2s. cloth, gilt edges; or in morocco, elegant, 25s.

Reed—The Companions of the Lord; Chapters on the Lives of the Apostles. By CHARLES E. B. REED, M.A. Crown 8vo, 4s. cloth boards.

Sibree—Madagascar and its People. Notes of a Four Years' Residence. With a Sketch of Mission Work among the Malagasy. By the Rev. J. SIBREE. Map and Engravings. Crown 8vo, 6s. 6d. bevelled boards.

Stanford—Symbols of Christ. By the Rev. CHARLES STANFORD, D.D., author of "The Plant of Grace," "Central Truths," etc. New Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth boards.

Stone—Sonnets of the Sacred Year. By the Rev. S. J. STONE, M.A. Neatly printed with bordered pages. Imp. 16mo, 3s. cloth elegant.

Stoughton—Worthies of Science. Biographical Sketches of Roger Bacon, Copernicus, Pascal, Isaac Barrow, Boyle, Locke, Sir I. Newton, Cuvier, Herschel, Adam Sedgwick, and others. By the Rev. Dr. STOUGHTON. Crown 8vo, 4s. cloth boards.

Stoughton—Our English Bible: its Translators and Translations. By the Rev. JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D. Engravings. Imperial 16mo, 6s. in imitation half-binding.

Tristram—The Seven Golden Candlesticks; or, Sketches of the Seven Churches of Asia. By the Rev. Canon TRISTRAM, LL.D., F.R.S. Engravings. 6s. cloth gilt.

Vernon—"The Harvest of a Quiet Eye." Leisure Thoughts for Busy Lives. By the Rev. J. R. VERNON, M.A. With Engravings by Noel Humphreys, Harrison Weir, and other Artists. 6s. 6d. cloth elegant.

Vernon—Ingleside and Wayside Musings. A Companion to "The Harvest of a Quiet Eye." By the Rev. J. R. VERNON, M.A., Rector of St. Audrie's, Bridgewater. With numerous fine Engravings. 6s. cloth elegant.

Vernon—Random Truths in Common Things. By the Rev. J. R. VERNON, M.A. Engravings. 7s. cloth elegant.

Whately—Home Workers for Foreign Missions. By Miss E. J. WHATLEY. Price 1s. 6d. in cloth boards.

LONDON: 56, PATERNOSTER ROW. MAY BE HAD OF ANY BOOKSELLER.

By the
with boards;

rist. By
First and

By the
Illustrations

Scripture
W. and A.
information
with Scrip-

or, The
ch, Noah,
xi. By the

tions of
th boards.

els. For
Crown 8vo,

Mothers'
o, 2s. cloth

re. Com-
raahs," and
D., and S. G.

Illustrated
best morocco,

t and Sinai
L.L.D. With
in morocco,

ers on the
Crown 8vo,

of a Four
ng the Mala-
Crown 8vo,

CHARLES
ntal Truths,"

Rev. S. J.
mp. 16mo, 3s.

cal Sketches
le, Locke, Sir
By the Rev.

lators and
Engravings.

ticks; or,
Rev. Canon

a." Leisure
ON, M.A. With
d other Artists.

A Companion
VERNON, M.A.,
ne Engravings.

ngs. By the
nt.

essions. By

ELLER.



THE FERN-GATHERERS (IN AUSTRALIA).